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DIGITAL
EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO
HOLGUIN

SPAWN[®]

ENDGAME^{PART ONE}



Al Simmons was a hit man for the U.S. government until his C.O. Jason Wynn, betrayed him and a mysterious assassin ended Al's life. At the moment of his death, Al was offered a deal by the demon Malebolgia and returned to Earth as Spawn, a creature with supernatural powers born in Hell.

Todd McFarlane and Image Comics Present

ENDGAME PART 1



PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN

As Armageddon consumed the world, Spawn turned against his masters, destroying all life on Earth. While God and Satan continue their endless conflict in a parallel universe, Spawn has re-created the world and resurrected the human race in what has become known as the White Light. The portals to Heaven and Hell are closed, leaving humanity free from the influence of angels and demons. Or so he believed...

Having thwarted the latest plots of the demon lord Mammon and his infernal allies, Simmons has glimpsed what the future may hold for him. He realizes that his struggles against his dark fate have become an endless cycle of destruction and disappointment, a futile quest for redemption. No matter how hard he tries, he remains merely a pawn in the Great Game between Heaven and Hell.

Now, returning to Hell one last time, Simmons decides it is time end this cycle once and for all.

It is time to clear the Board...

It is time to change the Game...

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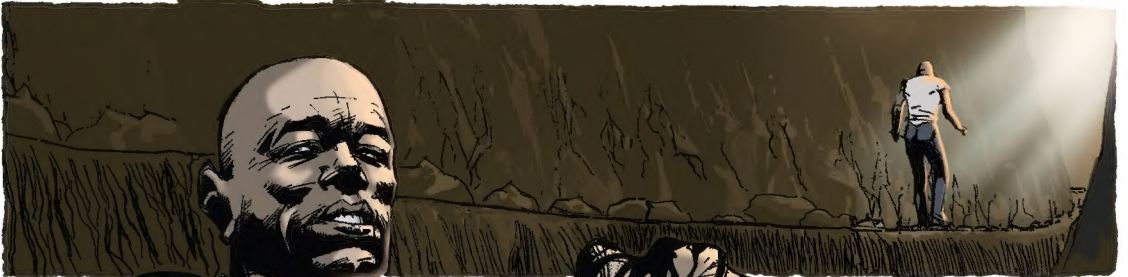
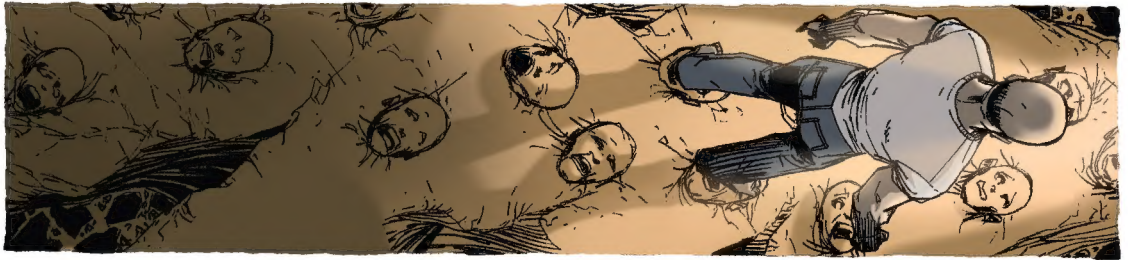
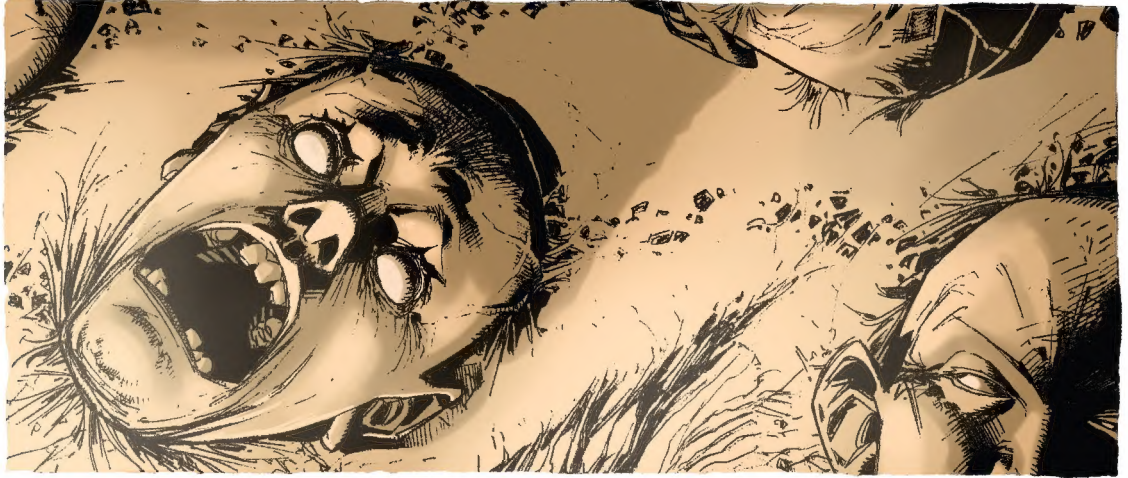
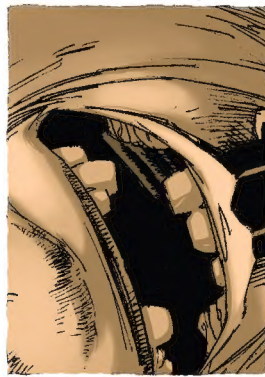
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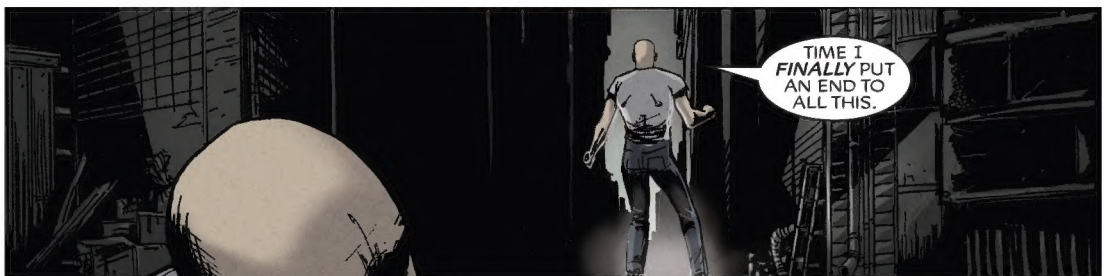
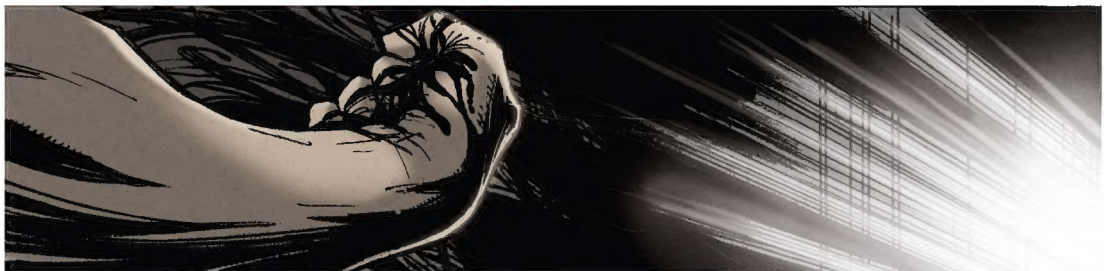
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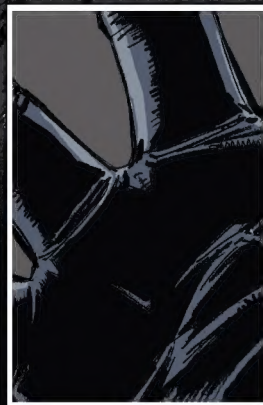
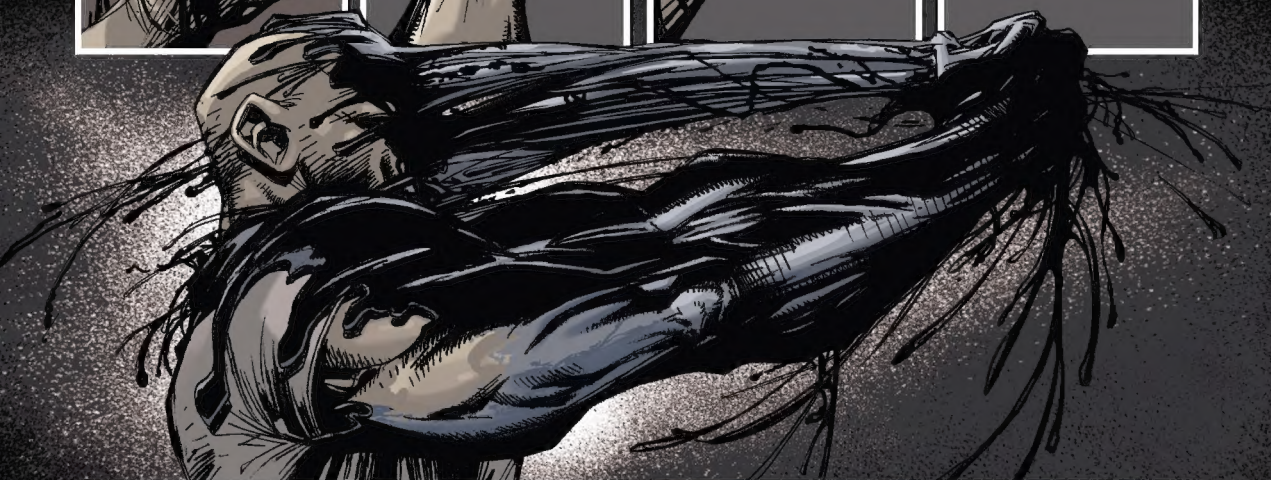
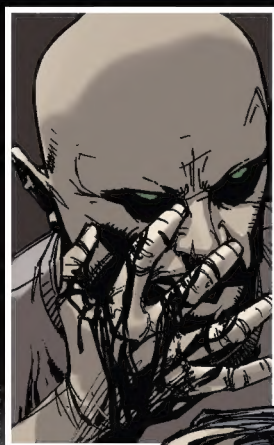
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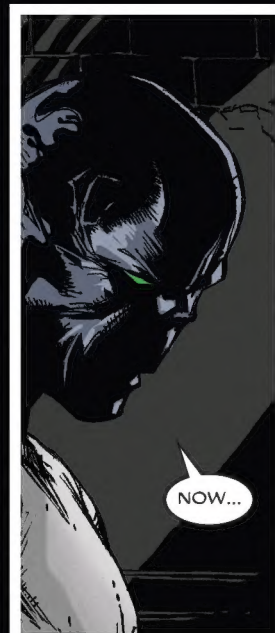
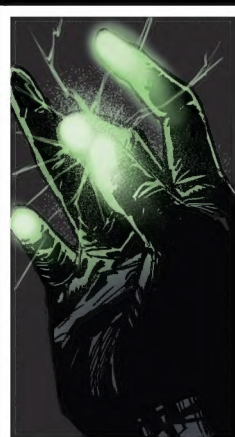
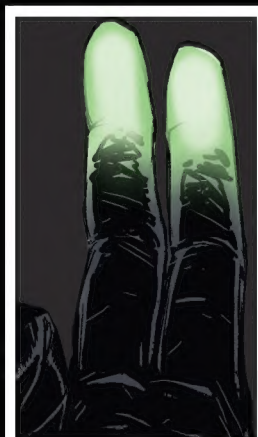
TODD MCFARLANE
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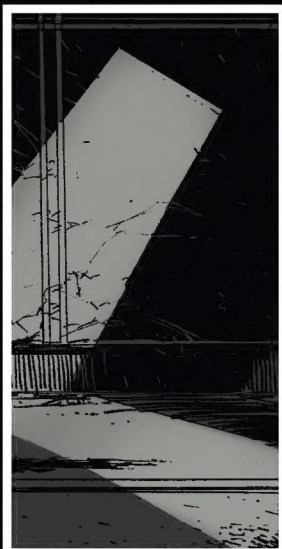
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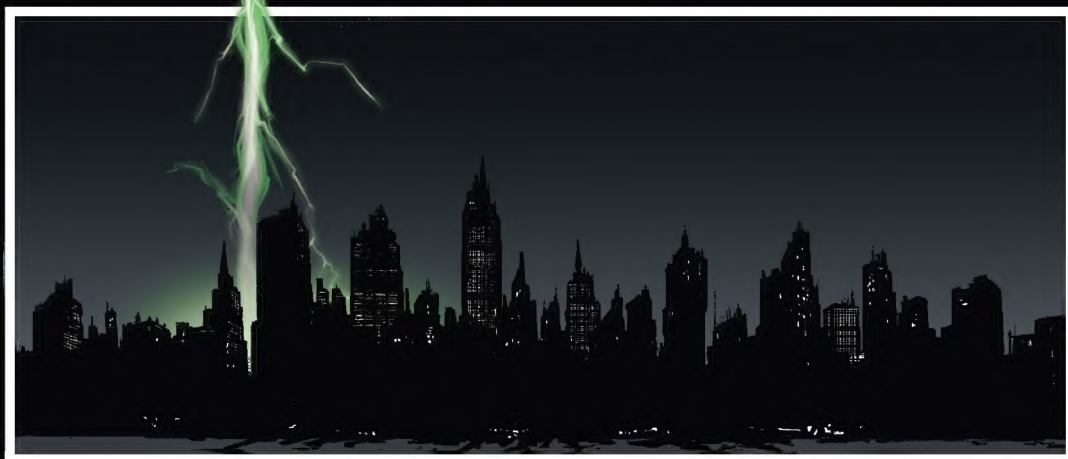






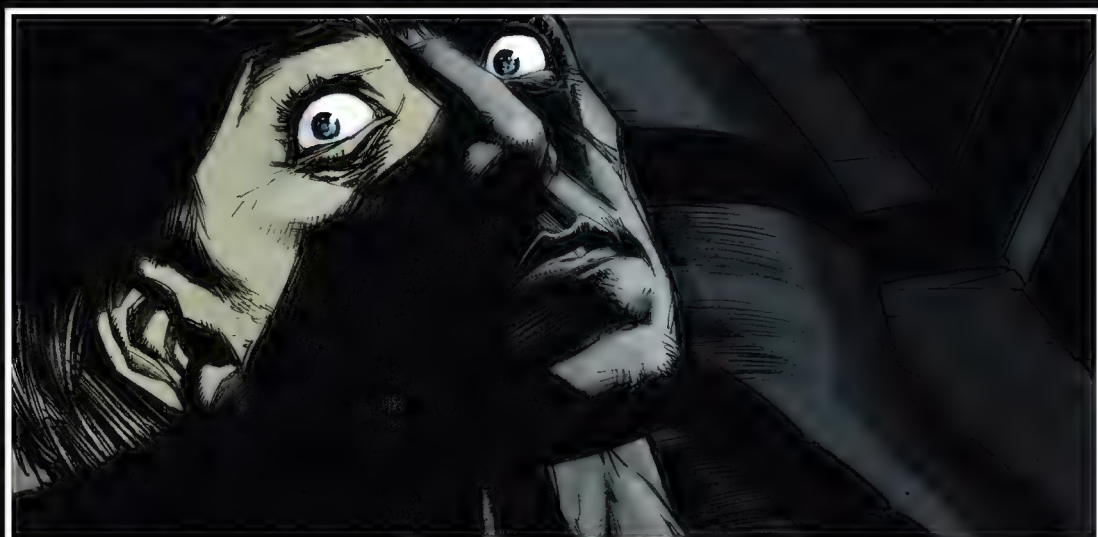
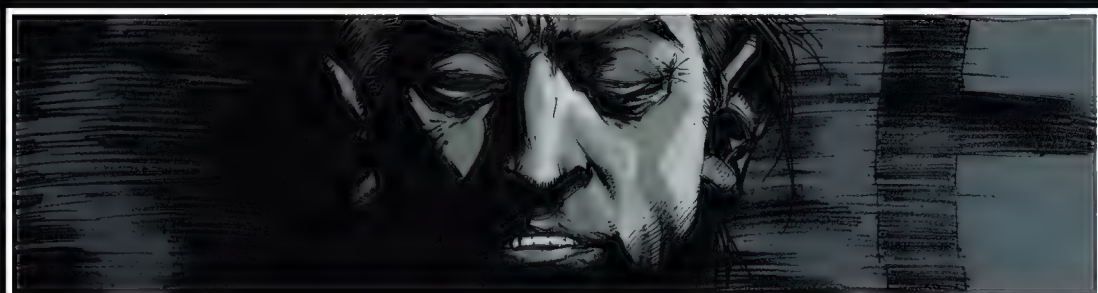
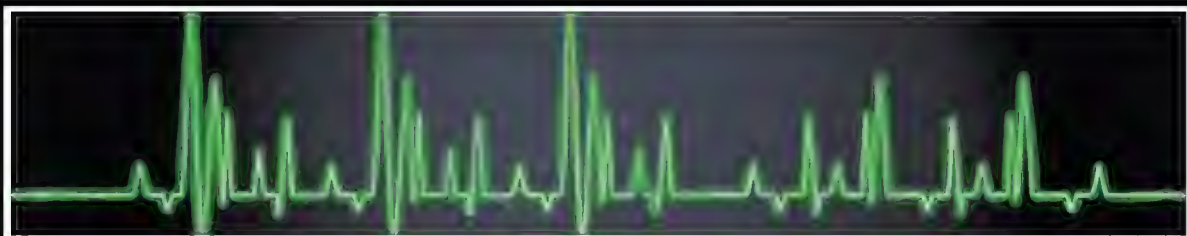
















"THIS MAKES NO SENSE-- HIS CHART SHOWS NO JUMP IN HIS VITALS?"

"I KNOW, I'VE LOOKED AT THEM-- NURSE SAID SHE JUST WENT TO CHECK SOMETHING IN HIS ROOM AND THERE HE WAS."



SON, CAN YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

YOU'VE JUST COME OUT OF A COMA. IT'S NO WONDER YOU'RE A LITTLE DISORIENTED.

MY NAME IS DR. BAXTER. I'LL BE TAKING CARE OF YOU. I KNOW ALL THIS ACTIVITY CAN BE A BIT FRIGHTENING, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE.

WE JUST NEED TO RUN A FEW TESTS, MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS WORKING LIKE IT'S SUPPOSED TO.

LOOK HERE. GOOD.

AND HERE. EXCELLENT.

CAN YOU LIFT YOUR HEAD? GOOD. NOW HOW ABOUT YOUR ARM? TERRIFIC.

DID SOMEONE PULL HIS FILE YET?

HERE YOU ARE.



NO, NOT HIS CHART-- I WANT HIS COMPLETE PATIENT HISTORY.



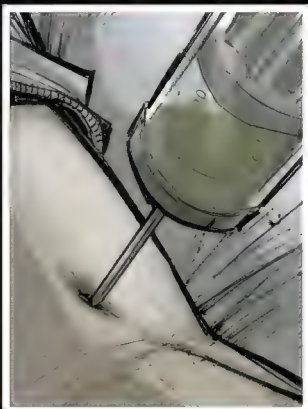
JUST RELAX. THIS MIGHT STING A LITTLE. THERE WE GO.

YOU'RE DOING GREAT. IT MIGHT NOT FEEL LIKE IT NOW, BUT YOU'RE A VERY LUCKY YOUNG MAN.

HOW'S THAT FILE COMING?

WE CAN'T LOCATE
HIS FILE, DOCTOR.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I DON'T KNOW. THEY THINK
THAT IT GOT LOST WHEN
EVERYTHING SWITCHED OVER TO
THE NEW COMPUTER SYSTEM.

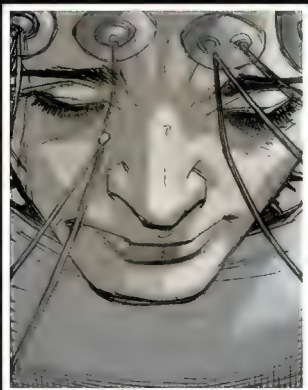


NEW SYSTEM? THAT WAS
OVER A YEAR AGO. HOW
LONG'S THIS PATIENT
BEEN HERE?



I'M NOT SURE. LET ME ASK...

NEVER MIND. ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, SON? TRY TO RELAX.



HEARTBEAT IS JUMPING!

I NEED YOU TO RELAX.
LOOK AT ME.



IT'S GOING TO BE FINE
NOW, PLEASE. IF YOU
CAN, TAKE A DEEP
BREATH FOR ME.





LOOK--
ALL I'M TRYING
TO SAY IS THIS IS
UNPRECEDENTED.
CELLULAR REGENERA-
TION, COGNITIVE
RESPONSE--AND
HIS MUSCLE MASS.
HOW THE HELL IS
IT GROWING AT
THAT RATE?

THIS GUY
SHOULD BE AN
EIGHTY-POUND
VEGETABLE AND
INSTEAD HE SEEMS
TO BE GETTING
STRONGER BY
THE HOUR.

AND
YOU'RE
TELLING ME
YOU WANT TO
KEEP QUIET
ABOUT
THIS?

LOOK, SOME
TEAM IS GOING TO
MAKE THEIR CAREER OFF
OF THIS. THEY'RE GOING TO
BE TEACHING THIS CASE IN
MED SCHOOL TO OUR
GRAND KIDS.

WHY HAND
IT OFF TO SOME
OUTSIDE SPECIALISTS
SO THEY CAN CLAIM
THE CREDIT? I SAY WE
KEEP THIS **BETWEEN**
US FOR NOW.

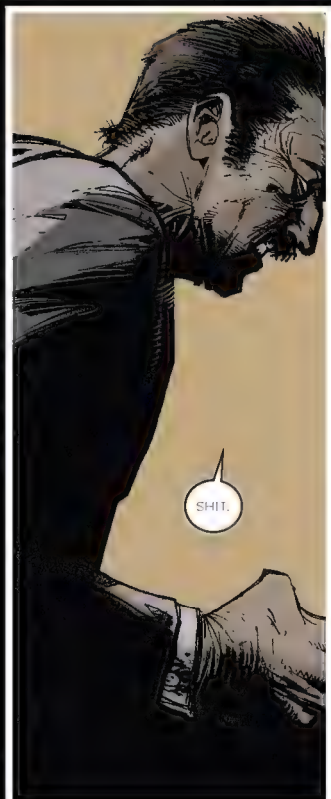
EXACTLY.

WHY GIVE
THE COVER
STORY OF **JAMA**
TO SOMEONE
ELSE?

"SO FOR NOW,
THIS DOESN'T LEAVE
THE BUILDING.
AGREED?"

THEY...
SOMEONE
SAID I WAS
TO CALL THIS
NUMBER IF THERE
WAS EVER A
CHANGE TO
PATIENT 47.

Um...
HELLO?





HE'S AWAKE.

PATIENT 47.

YES, I KNOW.

I ASSURE YOU, IT WAS COMPLETELY UNFORESEEABLE. NO ADVANCE WARNING.

YES, SIR.

NO.

I JUST RECEIVED THE CALL.

I'M NOT MAKING EXCUSES. I DID WHAT I BELIEVED...



YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT.



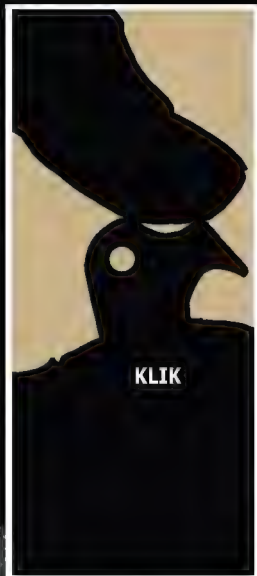
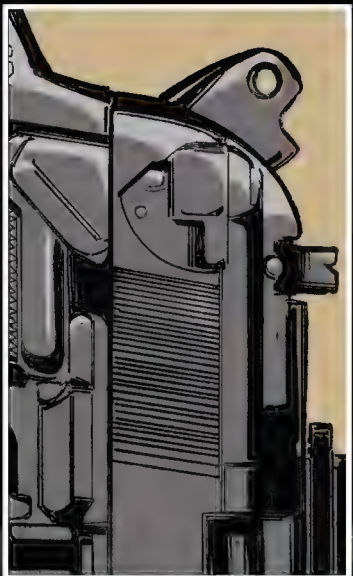
YES.

YES.

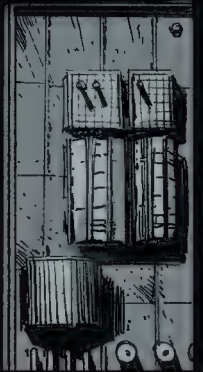
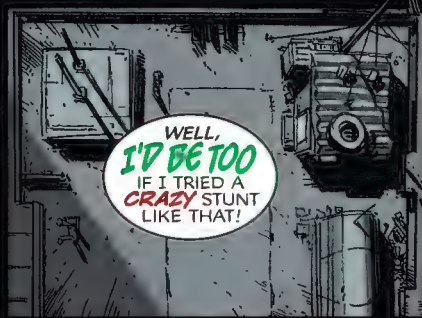
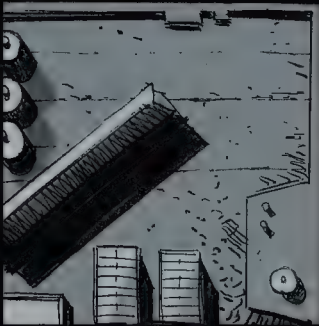
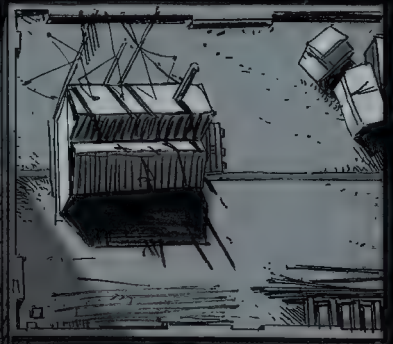


I UNDERSTAND.

CLICK

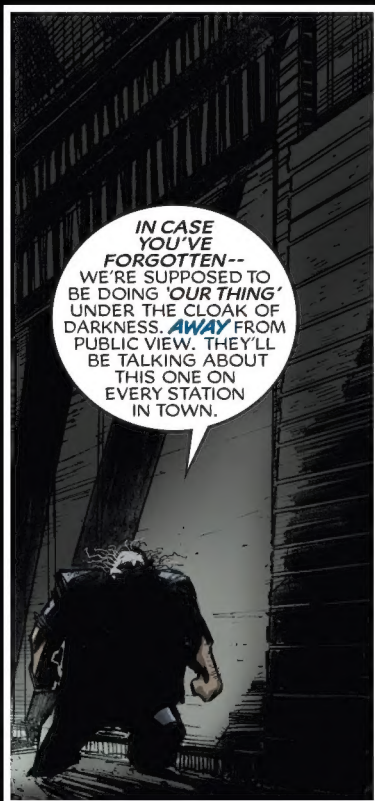


Manhattan.

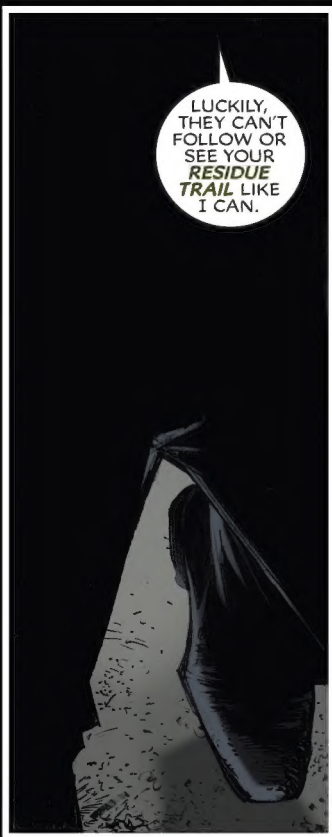




YOU
THINK YOU
CAN LIGHT
UP THE SKY
LIKE THAT AND
NO ONE'S
GOING TO
NOTICE?



IN CASE
YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN--
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE DOING 'OUR THING'
UNDER THE CLOAK OF
DARKNESS. **AWAY** FROM
PUBLIC VIEW. THEY'LL
BE TALKING ABOUT
THIS ONE ON
EVERY STATION
IN TOWN.



LUCKILY,
THEY CAN'T
FOLLOW OR
SEE YOUR
RESIDUE
TRAIL LIKE
I CAN.



SO
THEY'LL SOON
GET BORED OF
THE STORY--
THEN MOVE
ON.



BUT
I'VE GOTTA
TELL YOU
SOMETHING. YOU
BRING ATTENTION
TO YOURSELF,
-- YOU BRING
ATTENTION
TO **ALL** OF
US.



AND
THAT REALLY
PISSES
ME OFF!

BECAUSE
SOME OF US
ARE TRYING TO
BLEND IN.



BUT YOU
NEVER
GAVE A DAMN
ABOUT THAT
DID YOU?

**DID
YOU!**

...

HELLO...?
IS ANYONE
LISTENING?

FINE.
BE IMMATURE
ABOUT IT.



I CAN
SEE YOU LURKING
THERE IN THE SHADOWS.
I FULLY UNDERSTAND WHY
YOU'D WANT TO HIDE
FROM ME-- KNOWING MY
REPUTATION AND ALL--
'CAUSE I KINDA SCARE
MYSELF TOO.



BUT I
PROMISE I
WON'T...



WHOA.



THERE
ISN'T
SUPPOSED
TO BE A
**DEAD
ZONE**
HERE!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
SIMMONS?
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO PULL?
NO ONE MOVES A
PORTAL WITHOUT
PERMISSION
FROM...



GUESS I
WAS WRONG
ABOUT YOU
SIMMONS.

I NEVER
THOUGHT
YOU'D
HAVE THE
BALLS...



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE